1d

The Tories Confeſſion,

Or, A merry ſong in Anſwer to The WHIGS Exaltation:

28 March. 1682.

To the ſame Tune of *Forty One.*

[1]

A Pox on Whigs we'l now grow wiſe
Let's cry out guard the Throne,
By that we'l damn the *Good Old Cauſe*
And make the Game our own
Religion, that ſhall ſtoop to us,
and ſo ſhall Liberty,
We'l make their Laws as thin as Lawn,
ſuch Tory Rogues are we.

[2]

When once that Preaching Whineing Crew
are cruſh'd and quite undone,
The Poor we'l baniſh by our Laws,
and all the reſt we'l burn.
Then *Abbey-Lands* ſhall be poſſeſt
by thoſe whoſe Right they be,
We'l cry up Laws, but none we'l uſe,
ſuch Tory Rogues are we.

[3]

The Name of *Proteſtant* we hate,
the Whigs they know it well,
And ſince we can't it longer hide
let's Truth genteely tell.
Now Dam me is good Manners grown,
and tends to Gallantry,
We'l ~~Shrink~~ the Nation out of Doors,
ſuch curſed Rogues are we.

[4]

What care we for a Parliament,
no Money comes from thence,
Would they but give us Coyn enough,
we'd ſpend the Nations pence.
Theſe two-penny States-men all ſhall down,
a glorious ſight to ſee,
To finiſh all we'l plunder 'um too,
ſuch Sons of Whores are we.

[5]

We'l build more Univerſities,
for there lies all our hope,
And to th' Crape Gown we'l cringe & creep
ſuppoſing 'twere a Pope;
Say what he will we'l him believe,
if true or falſe it be,
And while he prays we'l Drink his Health,
ſuch Tory Rogues are we.

[6]

What pimping Whig ſhall dare controule,
or check the lawfull Heir,
We'l take the Raſcall by the Pole,
and Pox of all his Hair.
Then here goes honeſt *James*'s Health,
come drink it on your Knee,
Dzowns we'l have none but honeſt ſouls,
ſuch Tory Rogues are we.

[7]

Theſe Crafty *Whigs* are ſubtle Knaves
to give um all their due,
And yet we bauk'd the Popiſh Plot,
though they had ſworn it true.
For this you know who we may thank,
But *Mum* for that, yet we
Are bound to pray and praiſe him for't,
ſuch Tory Rogues are we.

[8]

When all theſe zealous *Whigs* are down,
we'l drink and fall a roaring,
And then ſet up the Tripple Crown,
'twill Saint us all for whoreing.
When we have quite inſlav'd um all,
our ſelves cannot be free.
Then prithee Devil claim thy own,
for hey to Hell go we.

[9]

We'l chuſe their Sheriffs and Juries too
and then pretend 'tis Law,
We'l bring more Iriſh o're to ſwear
'gainſt thoſe they never ſaw:
We'l ſeize their Charters, then they muſt
come beg um on their Knee,
If this won't do we'l call the French,
ſuch curſed Rogues are we.

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